

Good Evening

By Bide Dudley

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Mother: Love.

It never dies, does mother love,
Nor can such love be swayed;
No greater gift from Him above
To mankind e'er was made;
The condemnation of the world,
Perhaps, is heaped on you;
Invektives at your head are hurled,
But mother will be true.

There is no boon like mother love
To lift you when you're down,
The world may sneer and kick and shove
And e'en close friends may frown,
But one unswerving force will stand
Still true, while others fall,
Tis mother love, enduring, grand,
The greatest love of all.

OBSERVATIONS.

The effect of the A. B. See letter
should be to fill Adolph.
And yet, after all, Mr. See has done
a great deal for the uplift of humanity.

Put the "L's" underground and use
the structures as auto highways.

Outmet says the touch is essential
in golf. There's no denying it's an
expensive game.

The Hall case reporters ought to
forget their differences. If they must
fight, let them form a couple of foot-
ball teams and have it out.

Highway Rhymes.

I walk along on Lafayette,
To which I very seldom get,
This calls a noisy street, ah me!
No blade of grass, no tree—oh gee!

TELEPHONE LOVE.

Mary Dingle glanced at her
ankle-watch and decided it was
time to return to the telephone
switchboard. As she started for
the door she remembered her
resolution to go to the devil and
hesitated. The old man with the
long beard looked up.

"Do you know," he said, "I
dearly love my beard, but at
times it is a great bother."
Mary was astounded. This old
man seemed too fresh.

"Oh, you go pinch a porcu-
pine!" she snapped.

This, of course, was disturbing
to the proprietor of the cafe. He
had a fear of what might happen
if the old man tried to pinch a
porcupine in the dining place.

And then—his father had a long
beard. Stroking the old man's
head, he said:

"Don't cry. She is merely a
telephone girl who is determined
to go to the devil."

The old man was happy again.
He braided his beard and ordered
bread and molasses.

"Oh," screamed Mary, "he has
ordered molasses!"

The boy with the dead rat,
finding no market for his wares
in the cafe, went out. Mary fol-
lowed in a decidedly angry mood.

"Boy," she said, "is that a good
rat?"

Mary was always looking for a
bargain.

(To be continued.)

THIS AND THAT.

It seems imperative that we speak
to the Evening Post of No. 20 Vesey
Street. A week ago Saturday it
printed a picture of Grace George
and labelled it "Alice Brady in 'To
Love.'" Last Saturday it offered a
picture of a youth surrounded by
girls and gave it the title of "Ken-
neth McGowan in 'The World We
Live In.'" Of course we know Alice
Brady isn't acting in "To Love," and
it is our inclination to discredit the
idea that the Globe's critic is in the
play at the Johnson. Yet there is a
possibility he may have changed his
vocation. He is versatile, talented
and ambitious, and there isn't so very
much money in criticising plays.

If Kenneth has taken up acting, he
will be watched closely by some of
the other dramatic critics. His suc-
cess undoubtedly would mean a rush
of his colleagues to the acting pro-
fession. And why not? Who should
be better able to act than the men
who know all about acting? The
future looms up fraught with interest.

There is no reason why Alan Dale
shouldn't make a good Hamlet, and
Haywood Brown as Romeo should be

Better and Better

By Neal O'Hara

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FELLOW Frenchman of Carpenter
and Clemenceau has bloomed out
as medical duke that cures what
ails you with bunch of poetry. Coue
is Frenchy's name. "Coue" is pro-
nounced like "koo" in cuckoo. And
"e" like the "e" in frappe. Shake
both syllables together in cocktail
mixer and let 'em roll off your tongue.
Give this guy Coue credit for
yanking off something new. He sets
himself up in doctor business with
two-line poem as full stock of pills.

If you've got chills, eczema or
ingrown toenail, you take nice sea
trip over to Paris and call on the
Coue. Doc gives you frigid X-ray
look, takes sounding of loose change
in all your pockets and feels your
pulse to get look at your rings. Then
squats at desk and tears off prescrip-
tion in form of poem.

It calls for strong solution of dog-
geral, with dash of lambic pen-
tamer. Your prescription reads:
"Every day, in every way, I am get-
ting better and better." One dose
every morning. Repeat repeating till
cured or unconscious.

That is a fine way to snap out of
double pneumonia or highly fractured
skull! Ain't it? If you can recite that
poem for 25,000 consecutive mornings,
nothing can get you but old age.

Here we have Cancer Week to cut
out young cancers. We have Red
Cross Week to boost quota of am-
bulances. We start licking Xmas
seals to stop tuberculosis. And along
comes French Joe with front part of
bum limerick and starts curing world
with poem recitals.

Guy that gets tired doing Camp's
daily dozen can lie in bed smoking
cigarettes and whispering Coue's son-
net. It is one of those Poems You
Ought to Know. When boss calls up
at 11 A. M., you tell him every day,
in every way, you are getting better
and better. He'll say he didn't know
you were sick and send around a
bouquet of roses. It works fine.
Statistics indicate Coue's couplet has
cured every prominent disease except
dandruff. You can't cure that except
by knife that cuts off your velvet
coat collar.

If recipe works in medical circles,
it will go in other locations, too. Guy
that is hoarding cigar certificates can
leap to bureau drawer every morning
and pipe the following day: "Every
day, in every way, I am getting
nearer and nearer." At conclusion of
six-year siege of counting sickness, he
will have enough coupons to get
shaving brush. All he needs then is
severe relapse to collect safety razor
and blades.

When winter busts loose and your
coat bin is vacuum, don't weaken.
Hop up every morning and repeat in
rhythm, "Every day, in every way, it
is getting warmer and warmer." Re-
peat that lyric for ninety days and
darned if the poem won't come true.

If you are running high-grade
bucket shop, don't get discouraged
by investigations. Repeat "Every day
(except Sundays and holidays), in
every way (except legally), I am
getting 'em coming and going."

If you are suffering from over-
dose of Eighteenth Amendment snap-
out of your deliriums, too. Take
squint at referendum returns and
say, "Every day, in every way, it is
getting wetter and wetter."

That is great poem Coue designed
for us. We will never forget it.

excellent. Were we casting Alexan-
der Woolcott, we'd make a Merton
of him, and Robert Gilbert Welsh
should do well in imitations of Harry
Lauder. Then the immaculate Eddie
Pidgeon could handle the lead in "A
Tailor-Made Man" very well, and
Eugene Kecey Allen as Uncle Tom
would show histrionic ability. Leo
Marsh ought to sing in "The Follies,"
surrounded by the dames; Burns
Mantle ought to be cast as a second
Will Rogers, and as for lovable,
blustering J. Rankin Towse, he would
make a fine Captain Applejack. Percy
Hammond and Charles Darnton puzzle
us. They are a bit heavy for
dancing and neither has progressed
in singing beyond the "Sweet Ade-
line" stage. It might be well to leave
the casting of them to Chamberlain
Brown. As to Kenneth—well, if it's
true, more power to him!

AND NOW PERMIT US

To suggest that, since Turkey
has adopted a drastic Prohibition
law, sympathy for the Sultan
because he can't go home seems
wasted.

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GOLDING IT! I'M GETTIN' T'BE
A SELFISH OLD HE BEAR OVER
THAT CAR—A FELLAH OUGHTA
BREAK FIFTY FIFTY WITH HIS
WIFE AND I'M GONNA DO IT!

FELIX, GET MY WIFE ON THE
PHONE!



A'LO BEE—SAY—I BEEN
THINKIN' IT OVER AN' I'M GONNA
LET YOU HAVE TH' CAR ALL DAY
TOMORROW—I WON'T GO
ANYWHERE NEAR IT EVEN!



WELL! THIS IS VERY SWEET
OF YOU—I SUPPOSE YOU
KNOW I'M GIVING A BRIDGE
TOMORROW AND THAT I'LL BE
IN THE HOUSE ALL DAY!!



IT CAN'T
BE DONE!!!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOO-HOO!
'LO GROGAN!



OH! I KNEW
IT WAS YOU
GROGAN! RIGHT
OFF TH' BAT!



MARVELOUS LUKE!
AND YOU AINT
SEEN ME SINCE
I GREW THIS
SET OF WHISKERS
NEITHER?



NOPE!
THEN HOW DID
YOU RECOGNIZE
ME?



LITTLE MARY MIXUP

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LITTLE OSWALD HAS
COME OVER TO SEE
YOU—I WANT YOU
TO ENTERTAIN HIM.
JUST AS NICELY AS
YOU CAN.



WANT T
FIGHT?



OH-MERCY-NO-
I'D GET MY
HAIR ALL
MUSSLED—

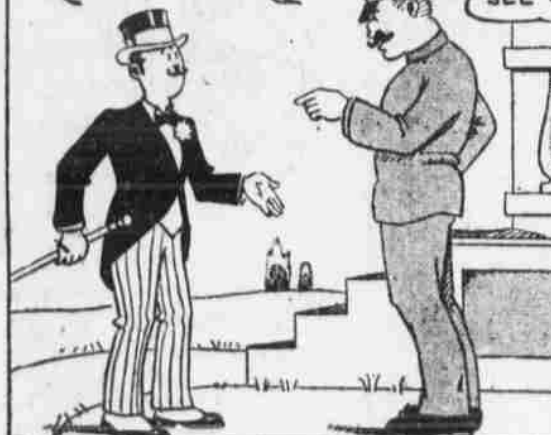


WANT T PLAY
FOOT BALL?



FRITZI RITZ

BUT I TELL
YOU I'VE HAD
THE MEASLES!



THAT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE
THIS HOUSE IS QUARANTINED ANY
I'M THE GUARD AN' YOU'RE
STAYIN' OUT!
SEE?



ON THE GUARD DID GET KIND
O' NASTY BUT NOBODY CAN
KEEP ME FROM YOU JUST
BECAUSE YOUR AUNT HAS
MEASLES!



Y' DON'T MEAN TO
SAY YOU GOT BY
THAT BIG
HUSKY
GUARD!



KATINKA

WHAT! YOU WENT TO THE
ART GALLERIES? GEE,
THAT'S A SWEET PLACE
T' SPEND A NICE
AFTERNOON!



IT WAS A WONDERFUL
EXHIBITION! THERE
WAS ONE PAINTING
CALLED "THE PINK EYE"
THAT WAS A REAL
MASTERPIECE!



SAY! SINCE
ARE YOU
FALLIN' FOR THAT
HIGHBROW
STUFF?



NOTHING SO Highbrow
ABOUT THAT! HAVE
YOU NEVER SEEN
A PICTURE THAT
MADE AN IMPRESSION
ON YOU?



LESSONS FROM THE BARNYARD.

There is this about a pig, let me
say—though you never know just
when she may lay, yet she advertises
strong, for she cackles loud and long
over one lone egg, or ten, in the bag!

There is this about a horse, let me
say—he may kick at fallens, of course,
yet he may, but he does his job up
right for he strikes with all his might,
yet he uses all his force, black or
bay.

There is this about a goat, let me
say—he may swipe your Sunday coat
an', day, but he steals before your
face, any time and any place, when I
give a thief a vote, he's the jay!

There is this about a dog, let me
say—he may put your sleep agog
with his bay, but he always looks
around just before he settles down,
don't plan to slip a cog night or
day!

There is this about a cock, let me
say—though he loves to brag and talk
loud and gay, yet he works as well as
lungs, and his scratching never lags,
and he's up at 4 o'clock every day!

There is this about a mule, let me
say—though there may not be a rule
he'll obey, yet he'll stay or he will
go, he is yes or he is no, and his
mian ng's never dual, anyway!

There is this about a man, let me
say—he can profit, yes he can, by the
way, if he'll take the sterling creeds
of the animals he feeds and employ
th-'m in his plan every day.—J. Edm.
Tuft in Farm Life.

Try, Try Again!

Luke Is Some "Sherlock"!

He Knows Some More Rough Games!

Looks More Like He's Hitting the Pipe!

Ferdie Couldn't Keep This One Off His Mind!